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Vol. I.

THE COMRADE

The Dual Carnegie.



Whether you regard Mr. Carnegie as a Philanthropic Angel or an Industrial Fiend depends upon your point of view.

How I Became a Socialist.

L.

By EUGENE V. DEBS.

As I have some doubt about the readers of "The Comrade" having any curiosity as to "how I became a Socialist," it may be in order to say that the subject is the editor's, not my own; and that what is here offered is at his bidding—my only concern being that he shall not have cause to wish that I had remained what I was instead of becoming a socialist.

On the evening of February 27th, 1875, the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized at Terre Haute, Ind., by Joshua A. Leach, then grand master, and I was admitted as a charter member and at once chosen secretary. "Old Josh Leach," as he was affectionately called, a typical locomotive fireman of his day, was the founder of the brotherhood and I was instantly attracted by his rugged honesty, simple manner and homely speech. How well I remember feeling his large, rough hand on my shoulder, the kindly eye of an elder brother searching my own as he gently said, "My boy, you're a little young, but I believe you're in earnest and will make your mark in the brotherhood." Of course I assured him that I would do my best. What he really thought at the time flattered my boyish vanity not a little when I heard of it. He was attending a meeting at St. Louis some months later and in the course of his remarks said: "I put a tow-headed boy in the brotherhood at Terre Haute not long ago, and some day he will be at the head of it."

Twenty-seven years, to a day, have played their pranks with "Old Josh" and the rest of us. When last we met, not long ago, and I pressed his good, right hand, I observed that he was crowned with the frost that never melts; and as I think of him now:

"Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and turns the past to pain."

My first step was thus taken in organized labor and I felt that a new influence had entered my life to fire my ambition and change the whole current of my career. I was filled with enthusiasm and my blood fairly leaped in my veins. Day and night I worked for the brotherhood. To see its watch-fires glow and observe the increase of its sturdy members were the sunshine and shower of my life. To attend the "meeting" was my supreme joy, and for ten years I was not once absent when the faithful assembled.

At the convention held in Buffalo in 1878 I was chosen associate editor of the magazine, and in 1880 I became grand secretary and treasurer. With all the fire of youth I entered upon the crusade which seemed to fairly glitter with possibilities. For eighteen hours at a stretch I was glued to my desk reeling off the answers to my many correspondents. Day and night were one. Sleep was time wasted and often when, all

oblivious of her presence in the still small hours, my mother's hand turned off the light, I went to bed under protest. Oh, what days! And what quenchless zeal and consuming vanity! All the firemen everywhere—and they were all the world—were straining:

"To catch the beat
Of my tramping feet."

My grip was always packed; and I was darting in all directions. To tramp through a railroad yard in the rain, snow or sleet half the night, or till day-break, to be ordered out of the roundhouse for being an "agitator," or put off a train, sometimes passenger, more often freight, while attempting to dead-head over the division, were all in the program, and served to whet the appetite to conquer. One night in mid-winter at Elmira, N. Y., a conductor on the Erie kindly dropped me off in a snow bank, and as I clambered to the top I ran into the arms of a policeman who heard my story and on the spot became my friend.

I rode on the engines over mountain and plain, slept in the cabooses and bunks, and was fed from their pails by the swarthy stokers who still nestle close to my heart, and will until it is cold and still.

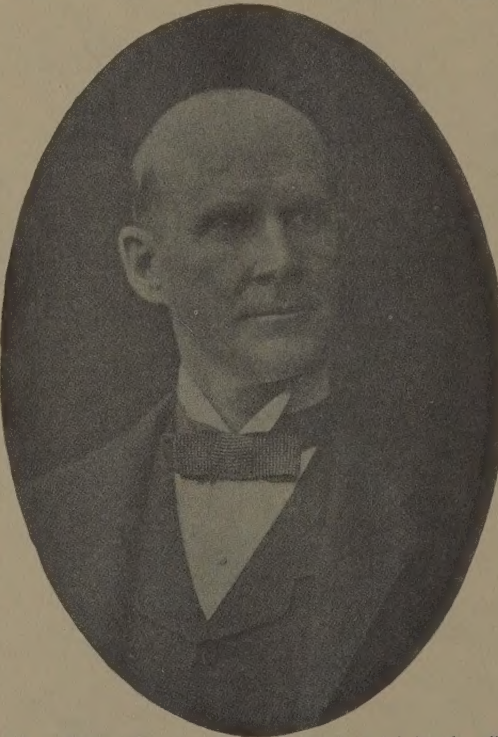
Through all these years I was nourished at Fountain Proletaire. I drank deeply of its waters and every particle of my tissue became saturated with the spirit of the working class. I had fired an engine and been stung by the exposure and hardship of the rail. I was with them in their weary watches, at the broken engine's side and often helped to bear their bruised and bleeding bodies back to wife and child again. How could I but feel the burden of their wrongs? How the seed of agitation fail to take deep root in my heart?

And so I was spurred on in the work of organizing, not the firemen merely, but the brakemen, switchmen, telegraphers,

shopmen, track-hands, all of them in fact, and as I had now become known as an organizer, the calls came from all sides and there are but few trades I haven't helped to organize and less still in whose strikes I have not at some time had a hand.

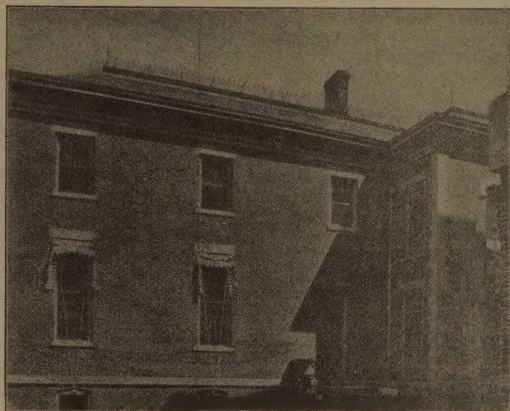
In 1894 the American Railway Union was organized and a braver body of men never fought the battle of the working class.

Up to this time I had heard but little of socialism, knew practically nothing about the movement, and what little I did know was not calculated to impress me in its favor. I was bent on thorough and complete organization of the railroad men and ultimately the whole working class, and all my time and energy were given to that end. My supreme conviction was that if they were only organized in every branch of the service and all acted together in concert, they could redress



their wrongs and regulate the conditions of their employment. The stockholders of the corporation acted as one, why not the men? It was such a plain proposition—simply to follow the example set before their eyes by their masters—surely they could not fail to see it, act as one, and solve the problem.

It is useless to say that I had yet to learn the workings of the capitalist system, the resources of its masters and the



WOODSTOCK JAIL

weakness of its slaves. Indeed, no shadow of a "system" fell athwart my pathway; no thought of ending wage-misery marred my plans. I was too deeply absorbed in perfecting wage-servitude and making it "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

It all seems very strange to me now, taking a backward look, that my vision was so focalized on a single objective point that I utterly failed to see what now appears as clear as the noonday sun—so clear that I marvel that any workingman, however dull, uncomprehending, can resist it.

But perhaps it was better so. I was to be baptized in socialism in the roar of conflict and I thank the gods for reserving to this fitful occasion the fiat "Let there be light"—the light that streams in steady radiance upon the broadway to the socialist republic.

The skirmish lines of the A. R. U. were well advanced. A series of small battles were fought and won without the loss of a man. A number of concessions were made by the corporations rather than risk an encounter. Then came the fight on the Great Northern, short, sharp, and decisive. The victory was complete—the only railroad strike of magnitude ever won by an organization in America.

Next followed the final shock—the Pullman strike—and the American Railway Union again won, clear and complete. The combined corporations were paralyzed and helpless. At this juncture there were delivered, from wholly unexpected quarters, a swift succession of blows that blinded me for an instant and then opened wide my eyes—and in the gleam of every bayonet and the flash of every rifle the class struggle was revealed. This was my first practical lesson in socialism, though wholly unaware that it was called by that name.

An army of detectives, thugs and murderers were equipped with badge and beer and bludgeon and turned loose; old hulks of cars were fired; the alarm bells tolled; the people were terrified; the most startling rumors were set afloat; the press volleyed and thundered, and over all the wires sped the news that Chicago's white throat was in the red clutch of a mob; injunctions flew thick and fast, arrests followed, and our office and headquarters, the heart of the strike, was sacked, torn out and nailed up by the "lawful" authorities of the federal

government; and when in company with my loyal comrades I found myself in Cook county jail at Chicago with the whole press screaming conspiracy, treason and murder, and by some fateful coincidence I was given the cell occupied just previous to his execution by the assassin of Mayor Carter Harrison, Sr., overlooking the spot, a few feet distant, where the anarchists were hanged a few years before, why then I had another exceedingly practical and impressive lesson in socialism.

Acting upon the advice of friends we sought to employ John Harlan, son of the Supreme Justice to assist in our defense—a defense memorable to me chiefly because of the skill and fidelity of our lawyers, among whom were the brilliant Clarence Darrow and the venerable Judge Lyman Trumbull, author of the thirteenth amendment to the constitution, abolishing slavery in the United States.

Mr. Harlan wanted to think of the matter over night; and the next morning gravely informed us that he could not afford to be identified with the case, "for," said he, "you will be tried upon the same theory as were the anarchists, with probably the same results." That day, I remember, the jailer, by way of consolation, I suppose, showed us the blood-stained rope used at the last execution and explained in minutest detail, as he exhibited the gruesome relic, just how the monstrous crime of lawful murder is committed.

But the tempest gradually subsided and with it the blood-thirstiness of the press and "public sentiment." We were not sentenced to the gallows, nor even to the penitentiary—though put on trial for conspiracy—for reasons that will make another story.

The Chicago jail sentences were followed by six months at Woodstock and it was here that socialism gradually laid hold of me in its own irresistible fashion. Books and pamphlets and letters from socialists came by every mail and I began to read and think and dissect the anatomy of the system in which workingmen, however organized, could be shattered and battered and splintered at a single stroke. The writings of Bellamy and Blatchford early appealed to me. The "Co-operative Commonwealth" of Gronlund also impressed me,



ON SQUAD DRILL.

but the writings of Kautsky were so clear and conclusive that I readily grasped, not merely his argument, but also caught the spirit of his socialist utterance—and I thank him and all who helped me out of darkness into light.

It was at this time, when the first glimmerings of socialism were beginning to penetrate, that Victor L. Berger—and

I have loved him ever since—came to Woodstock, as if a providential instrument, and delivered the first impassioned message of socialism I had ever heard—the very first to set the wires humming in my system. As a souvenir of that visit there is in my library a volume of “Capital,” by Karl Marx, inscribed with the compliments of Victor L. Berger, which I cherish as a token of priceless value.

The American Railway Union was clubbed but not conquered—overwhelmed but not vanquished. It lives and pulsates in the socialist movement of America and its defeat but blazed the true way to economic freedom and hastened the sunrise of human brotherhood.

Eugene F. Debs

Forty Years.

By LEO TOLSTOY.

[CONTINUED.]

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VI.

After the wedding, the newly-married couple went to the Manor and Motilin gave them a deed of emancipation.

Trokhim then removed to town, got himself enrolled as a merchant of the third guild, and, in accordance with the advice of his father-in-law, began to deal in sunflower oil. This was, at that time, quite a novelty, and realized such large profits that Trokhim was soon able to purchase a two-storied house with a shop on the ground floor. But noticing that men make money in no way so quickly as by buying leases, he joined a company of leaseholders, composed of merchants and landowners. In these transactions he was still more prosperous.

“What a lucky man! How the money does pour in upon him!” said the merchants. “And there does not seem to be anything particularly clever about him.” And indeed they failed to discover in Trokhim any qualities that would account for his growing rich. He appeared to be rather a fool, and when questioned on any subject feigned ignorance. He never asked directly about anything that interested him, but always tried to find out in some indirect way, and sought to turn everything to his own advantage. He was the only merchant who read the newspapers, or talked about politics, and he was a great favorite with the aristocratic members of the lease-holding company. “What a clever peasant, this Khokhol,* what a simple-minded honest man!” they would say of him.

In the first year of their residence in town Vassa gave birth to a son. Then Trokhim began to think: what if his son, the now innocent babe, should have to bear God’s punishment for the crime of his parents? “Perhaps,” thought he, “God will punish me through my son.” Pridibalka’s enticing words had lost their power: the recollections of childhood got the upper hand. An inner voice seemed to keep whispering: “There is a God and He will punish you!” When Vassa recovered from her confinement, Trokhim reminded her of her promise to pray God to forgive his sin. She replied:

“Yes, we will pray: it is necessary! Every holy day we will go to church. We will keep the fasts more strictly, we will fast

on Mondays; we will distribute alms to the beggars at the church door, and I will not fail to fulfil my vow: I will make a pilgrimage to Kieff on foot.”

So they talked about it, and then again they forgot, and went on living just as before, continually putting off the penance.

In the tenth year of their married life, Shpack died, and Trokhim went to live in the Government town.

Here he prospered more than ever. Trokhim was now known as Trophim† Semionovitch Yashnikoff—the wealthiest merchant in the whole government. He no longer belonged to the company of lease-holders, but acted independently. He never asked anyone to lend him money, but, on the contrary, men would beseech him: “Do me a favor, dear Trokhim Semionovitch, take some money of me, be a benefactor!” and Trokhim Semionovitch loaded a good many people with such favors; from one he would take hundreds, from another thousands, and from some even tens of thousands. He paid 15 per cent. himself, and by putting the borrowed money in circulation, doubled it. He leased five districts and the government town, and in the latter, he owned two brick-built houses. He was on friendly terms with all the rich and influential people, and rendered them all kinds of services. His distillery establishment was the source of rich favors. From time to time he gave sumptuous dinners and brilliant evening parties, which were frequented by the higher government officials. He made large donations, and gave liberally to the beggars who came to his door.

In the twenty-first year of his commercial life Trophim Semionovitch visited St. Petersburg to attend a sale of leasehold property. He returned to the Government town where he lived, with the intention of removing to the capital: but on arriving at home was met by the sad news of the death of his wife—she had died quite suddenly.

Trophim was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of the wife to whom he had been united for so many years. He was also greatly distressed because she had never made her intended pilgrimage to Kieff, and it was now too late to fulfil

*Khokhol—“tuft,” or “crest.” A nickname among the Outkranians.—Trans.

†Trokhim is a slang, popular expression of Trophim.—Trans.

her vow. Up to this time fortune had never failed Trophim, and as everyone knows, in prosperity men are little inclined to repentance and contrition of heart. So, with Trophim, little by little, the recollection of his crime began to fade away. Whenever the sense of guilt came over him, he would hasten to share it with his wife, and Vassa would strive in one way or another to set her husband's mind at rest. Now she was no more, and there was no one with whom he could share the secret grief of his heart. He had never revealed his sin to the priest in confession; Vassa had always begged him—for the sake of his safety and good name—not to do so, consequently, on seeking a confessor, Trophim had always chosen such priests as content themselves with general confessions such as "Repent whenever you feel yourselves sinful," instead of enquiring about particular sins according to the list drawn up in the mass-books. With such a confessor it was quite possible to avoid revealing his sin. But now that Trophim Semionovitch had lost the only friend who knew all the byways of his past life, his awakened and troubled conscience tortured him horribly. An irresistible desire to share secret trouble took possession of him; his thoughts turned towards the local bishop, who was held in great respect in the Government town, for his wisdom and saintly life. The Very Reverend Agafodor had formerly been known to him, and accordingly it was this bishop that he now went.

"Your Eminence," said he, "I am a great sinner, and have come to you for advice, consolation, and instruction. Receive my confession, spiritual father, according to the rules."

The Very Reverend gentleman ordered his sacerdotal vestments to be brought and the pulpit to be set up, said a prayer, and then began his enquiries.

"I am a great sinner," said Yashnikoff. "A grievous sin has weighed heavily upon my conscience for many years."

"There is no sin that God will not forgive, provided only the sinner offer true repentance," said the Master. "Have you confessed it to your spiritual father?"

"I was afraid," replied Trophim, "lest the father confessor, on learning about my crime, should hand me over to the officers of the law. And now that I have resolved to confess my sin to you, master, it is because I cherish for you a special—the very greatest respect; and besides this, I shall reveal it to you only when you have deigned to give me your word as a priest that—"

The bishop interrupted him, saying:—

"According to the rules of the confessional, no priest is allowed to reveal to anyone the sins of another. If you have been told that a priest might injure you by revealing the secrets of the confessional you ought not to believe it. But since you are so uneasy I give you my word as a prelate. Do not be confused, speak, even if you have killed your own parent, or committed some similar crime—still make yourself easy. I will assign you some ecclesiastical punishment proportioned to your guilt; but I will hand you over neither to the law of the world, nor to the talk of the world."

Re-assured by these words, Yashnikoff related the story of his life, including the incident at the ravine in the wood, near the village of Loobki.

"Have you any other grievous sins to confess?" asked the bishop.

"No," replied Trophim Semionovitch.

"The reason I asked," continued the bishop, "is because one crime generally leads to a series of other crimes; but if you have since committed no criminal act, it is evident that your crime was merely the result of the sprightliness of youth, inexperience, extreme poverty, and, above all, of the utter ignorance in which you, like all the common people, were then plunged. Your sin was great, but your guilt is extenuated by the circumstances of your life and the state of your mind at the time. I cannot call you a depraved hardened sinner, since after committing a crime in your youth you have subsequently lived, for twenty years, honestly, contributing greatly to the general good, and—as I have heard—perform-

ing acts of piety and Christian charity. If I now reprimand you with especial severity it is for having so long omitted to confess your sin to a priest, and for not having endeavored to clear your conscience sooner. For that I shall impose a penance: namely, to erect a church in memory of your virtuous wife, whom it has pleased the Lord to call to Himself, and at the same time also for the expiation of your sin (committed at an age when man is especially swayed by passion) to furnish this church with an elegant *iconostasis*, with suitable church plate and priestly vestments; and to endow it with a sum sufficient to maintain the clergy. If you perform this good deed, you will be rewarded a hundred-fold in this life, as well as in that which is to come, and your sin will be forgiven. Do you consent to perform this penance, or is it above your means? Tell me frankly, and if it is I will assign you another."

Yashnikoff bowed humbly.

The bishop continued:—

"But you must not think that by erecting a temple to God, you are—as it were—bribing His justice. Let not such a thought enter your heart. The essence of repentance is contrition of heart and sincere regret at having sinned against God! But every crime committed by man demands a retaliation—the guilty person must suffer for his guilt. It is on this principle that the law inflicts judicial punishments. And the church, though a tender mother, is, at the same time, also a righteous judge, and while forgiving the repentant sinner, nevertheless requires that he should offer some recompense for his sin. It is on this ground that I am imposing a penance. Besides which I also have this fact in view: had you known the nearest relations of the murdered men, you would have considered it your duty to do them some service, would you not?"

Yashnikoff nodded assent.

"But you do not know them," continued the prelate, "so you must do something for the benefit of the Christian community instead! You said yourself that while desiring to expiate your sin, you distributed alms. But what is the value of carnal alms? You merely gave from your abundance, material riches to the indigent. But spiritual wealth is above all material riches, and such wealth you will give to those who are yearning and thirsting for it by erecting a church, in which prayers will continually be offered up, and where those who seek rich favors from God will assemble. Then the long anguish of your soul, caused by your repentance, will be accounted an expiation of your sin."

"I promise to fulfil all that you deign to impose upon me," said Yashnikoff.

"I shall withhold the communion until you have performed this task," said the bishop. "If, however—though God preserve you from it—you should be taken dangerously ill, in that case you may receive the sacrament."

Yashnikoff proceeded at once with the erection of the church, and, as he spared no expense, the work went on briskly.

The foundation stone was laid in March, and by the end of Autumn of that same year the building was completed, the *iconostasis* was set up, and the Very Reverend Agafodor consecrated the church, with an adjoining chantry in memory of the holy martyr Vassa. At the consecration ceremony his Eminence delivered an oration on the merits of the founders and benefactors of God's Temples; and, when alone with Trophim in his palace he said to him:—

"To-day your sin is entirely forgiven, for it is written: 'Whomsoever you forgive on earth he is forgiven in Heaven.' Such were Christ's words. I, His humble and unworthy servant, grant you absolution; believe then that God has also absolved you! Think no more about your sin, and fear no punishment, otherwise you will manifest unbelief in the words of our Lord, which would be a grievous sin, whereby you would offend the infinite mercy of God. Now, after the confession, you may receive the Holy Communion."

VII.

WHEN Trophim Semionovitch had become more assured and had got over the loss of his wife, he contracted a second marriage with the daughter of the squire of the village of Loobki—the father-in-law of Motelin. This nobleman was connected with the lease-holding company, and it was in this way that Trophim had become acquainted with him. Thus Loobki, the place where the crime was committed, became the property of Trophim's wife.

Soon after the marriage they removed to St. Petersburg. Years passed away; Trophim still lived in St. Petersburg in his own house on the Nevski Prospect. He had taken on lease some gold mines in Siberia and managed his affairs through his agents. The gold mining proved even more lucrative than the leasehold business. Trophim had now become a councillor of commerce, and knight of the order of St. Vladimir—which conferred on him hereditary nobility. The whole of the ground-floor of the Petersburg house was occupied by his offices, the upper part being used as a private residence. A broad staircase carpeted and decorated with plants led to the private apartments, which glittered with gold, silver, china, malachite, jasper.... The house was constantly open to visitors: sumptuous dinners, brilliant evening parties, boundless hospitality!

About eight years after Yashnikoff's removal to the capital, his wife's sister, Madame Motilin, whose husband had left her the estate of Mandreeki, came to live with them. Two years later she died leaving to her sister, Yashnikoff's wife, the estate she had inherited from her husband. Thus Trophim Semionovitch became, through his wife, owner of the two estates of Loobki and Mandreeki. In the summer Yashnikoff went with his wife and a daughter by the former marriage to Loobki.

On approaching Loobki, they had to leave the main road, and take a cross road leading through the wood, to the village. Thus Trophim was obliged to drive past the scene of the event which had been weighing so heavily on his conscience. The cross, erected on the grave of the murdered men, was still standing, but the wood had grown black and rotten and was covered with green lichen. The side of the ravine next the road was surrounded by a brick wall.

"Oh, what an abyss!" involuntarily exclaimed Trophim's daughter, turning her eyes away from the ravine.

"It is a good thing it is fenced in!" remarked her step-mother, "otherwise—the Lord forbid!—if any one were to come by on a dark night! And look, there is a cross; perhaps they have buried someone there who had fallen into the ravine!"

The coachman, overhearing the lady's remark, said: "It is just so ma'am; a merchant, driving by one night, fell into the ravine along with his goods, and his horses and goods were found with him in the morning. So they buried him, together with his servant."

"Did that happen long ago?" asked Mrs. Yashnikoff.

"I should say it was over thirty years. It's not within my memory, but the old people tell the story," replied the coachman.

Trophim Semionovitch was almost stifled but did not utter a word.

They arrived at Loobki. On the following day his wife, accompanied by her step-daughter, went to attend mass at the tomb of her parents. Trophim remained at home. He was greatly agitated by this visit to the scene of his terrible crime; wandering from room to room in his agitation he found in a corner below the images, a church calendar which had belonged to his late mother-in-law. Opening it, he came upon the following passage: "That day is terrible, oh my soul, think of it and do not sleep; light thy lamp for thou dost not know when the voice may come to thee, crying: 'Behold the bridegroom!'"

Laying down the calendar, Trophim resumed his walk through the room, but he could not banish the words from his mind. With terrible vividness there arose before him the dreadful familiar scenes of the past—how he had slain the merchants, and, together with Fridibalka, had pushed their bodies over into the ravine; how afterwards, on going to their graves, he had heard—he knew not whence—a voice saying: "I will punish after forty years!" Thirty-four had already gone by, six more remained, they, too, would pass, and there would come a day—that same day of which the calendar had spoken—the day when a voice would say to his soul: "Behold the bridegroom!" Then Trophim tried to console himself by remembering the Reverend Agafodor—he was a bishop, and represented in church the image of Christ Himself! Had not His Reverence said that his sin was forgiven and that he ought not to alarm and torture himself by the thought of God's judgment? Yes, he had said so. And what objection could be made to his statement? Had he not pointed to the words of God Himself, when He gave to priests the power of granting absolution? Did not the Lord promise that all that is forgiven on earth should be forgiven in heaven? Was it not so? Yes! And yet Trophim's conscience began again to torment him. Was it possible that the absolution of the bishop was valueless, was there not something left for the sinner himself to do? What then was it? To repent? But did not the bishop tell him neither to grieve nor to think about what was already absolved and forgiven? Yes, the bishop had absolved him, and yet Trophim suffered the most terrible anguish...his knees shook, his heart beat violently. He ceased to walk about the house, and, in his exhaustion, lay down on the sofa involuntarily closing his eyes.

His wife and daughter returned. They sat down to breakfast together. In vain did Trophim seek by eating and drinking to drown his awakened conscience. The page in the calendar opened by him at random would not be banished from his mind: there remained constantly before him the thought of the terrible day, the candle, and the voice crying: "Behold the bridegroom!"

In order to distract his mind, Trophim Semionovitch proposed to take his wife and daughter for a drive. So after dinner they drove to Mandreeki. Inexpressible emotions took possession of Trophim at sight of the village in which he had been born, and as they drove along the streets where he had once wandered, with a sack over his shoulder, begging bread. They passed the two blacksmiths' shops; and he remembered how it was there, near those forges, that he had met Fridibalka, and listened to his instructions. He also saw the river in which he was going to drown himself after Shpack had driven him from his house. He recollected also his talks with Fridibalka—how he had taught him to procure a blue coat and a horse that he might marry Vassa. He remembered how Fridibalka had foretold that he would become a wealthy man. The prophecy had been realized. But what did his money-making begin with? With that ill-starred note-book that he had taken from the pocket of the man he had murdered! Oh, what a beginning! What a terrible deed! Was it not with this heinous crime that he had begun to grow rich; and little by little to advance, until now he was a councillor of commerce, a nobleman, and a gentleman of note? What a strange, and what an accursed fate!

The foundation of all was laid in a crime, for which—according to the law—he ought to have been sent to the mines. What then must he do? Confess? But to whom? To God? But God had forgiven, so the prelate said, long ago. And then, other clever people, who know and have read much, say that there is no God at all!

Such were the thoughts that revolved in Trophim Semionovitch's mind. There was nothing upon which he could rest; once more there recommenced within his soul the old struggle to which there seemed no end.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

◊ Predicament. ◊

By WM. R. FOX.

Oh, for a foreign market!
The helpless peoples cry;
Some place to dump our surplus,
God give us, ere we die!
We have planted, we have gathered;
Our granaries are full.
We are loaded down with cotton;
We are smothered up with wool.

We have all that earth can give us
Of its stores of coal and ore;
We have heaped them in profusion
Till we can heap no more;
And cunning things we've fashioned
From metals, woods and clays,
Till gorged is every warehouse,
And crowded all the ways.

From the tyranny of plenty,
Save us, eternal God!
Give us the pathless forest,
And the primeval sod!
There we may wield our axes,
May plow and reap the soil,
Where no toil-made surplus rises
As a barrier to toil!

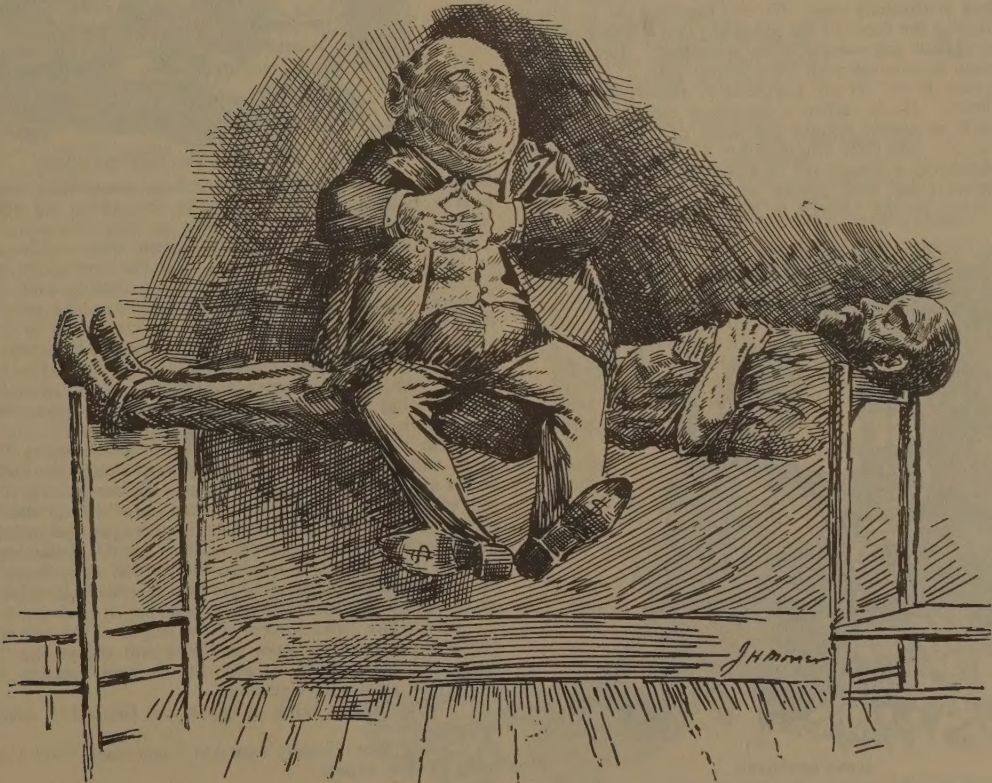
Perforce we cease our labors—
Yet we dare not eat or wear!
Dare not touch our own creations!
And we stand in grim despair.
Ere our needs may have provision
From the things we made so well,
It is written we must sell them—
We must find a mart and sell!

We are ragged, we are hungry,
We are waiting in the cold.
No employment, no enjoyment,
Until these goods are sold.
For mercy's sake, a market
For all this merchandise!
It is offered at a bargain!
It will go at any price!

Buy our food! for we must sell it,
Ere food we may consume!
Give us money for our clothing,
Or no clothing is our doom!
This furniture, this fuel,
And these jewels naught avail!
We are barred from them forever
If we do not make a sale!

We are beggars for a market.
We are eager, we are mad;
We will walk through blood for patrons;
They must—they shall be had!
For we'll freeze and starve and perish,
A universal scoff,
In the midst of our abundance,
If we do not sell it off!

Take pity on your peoples!
Of plethora we die!
Helpless because we cannot
Sell to those who cannot buy!
The iron chains of custom
Are on our limbs and brains;
And a torpor and a terror
Forbid to break the chains!



After the Peace Conference: Labor Still Hypnotized.



ERNEST CROSBY.

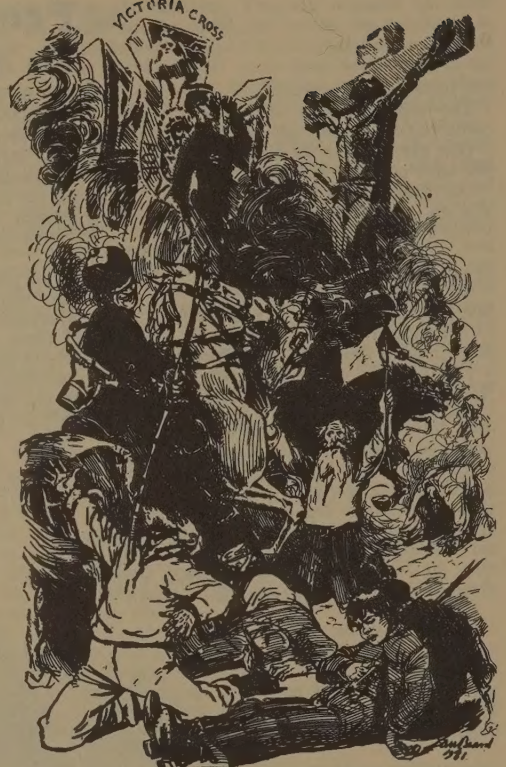
"Captain Jinks, Hero."

ERNEST CROSBY'S NEW ANTI-MILITARY NOVEL.*

Few men in recent years have opposed those twin-evils of our modern society, militarism and imperialism, with greater ability or consistency than Ernest Crosby, the President of the Anti-Imperialist League of New York. His writings in prose and verse and his lectures fervently eloquent and quaintly humorous, have won for him the respect and love of all radical thinkers throughout England and America. Probably no book published in recent years has enjoyed greater popularity among the adherents of the various "advanced" movements than his "Plain Talk in Psalms and Parable," a book of verse written in the style of Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter.

His latest book, "Captain Jinks, Hero," a satirical novel upon the military history of the United States since the outbreak of the Spanish war, strikes a note in contemporary literature that is distinctly new. No one can read the burlesque without feeling the force of the aphorism that "The strongest argument against any wrong is its absurdity." Every phase of militarism is satirized with keen, biting wit.

"Captain Jinks" is not supposed to represent any individual soldier. He is rather a composite creation—an ideal soldier, such as would delight the heart of Wilhelm of the "mailed fist." His first longings for a military career had been awakened by a chance gift of a box of toy soldiers, by an unwise parent (alas, such parents are all too common!), and fostered, later, by the Church in the "John Wesley's Boys'



WINNERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

Brigade." The association of priest and soldier has been often noticed, notably, in recent years, by the cynical old aristocrat who is at the head of England's government, and "Mark Twain," whose attack upon the missionaries in China finds an echo in Mr. Crosby's satire. In due course he goes to "East" Point, where he obtains a cadetship and is duly "hazed" after the most approved fashion. The satire upon the "hazing" custom is perhaps the cleverest thing in the book and establishes the similarity of militarism and savagery, which is the *motif* of the entire story. At "East" Point, too, he falls in love with Marian Hunter, a "college widow," who regards him as being her last chance and promptly accepts him and foment his ambition to become a great soldier.

War breaking out in the "Cubapines," he leaves "East" Point and becomes a volunteer captain through the influence of his uncle, who is a Congressman. Before leaving it is arranged that the leading yellow journal, the "Lyre," shall make him the hero of the war, and he is photographed in advance in all sorts of heroic attitudes. The "Lyre" is the organ of a great trust, in whose interest the war is really waged, and its representative is one of Sam's old classmates, a reckless but good-hearted sort of fellow named Cleary.

So Captain Jinks secures all the laurels of the war and becomes a general. He goes to China and enjoys the "fun" there, and, incidentally, delights the German Emperor by his soldier-like answer to a question.

"What do you think of expansion, General?" asked the Emperor.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," said Sam, "but I do not think. I obey orders."



BLOOD BROTHERS.

*) Illustrations by courtesy of the Funk-Wagnalls Company, New York.

The hero's answer so delighted the Emperor that he bestowed upon him the order of the Green Cockatoo, third class, which, however, under the regulations of the army, could not be accepted.

Returning from China he is everywhere hailed as a great hero and is kissed by all the girls from "St. Kisco" to "St. Lewis," and his friends begin to boom him for Presidential nomination, but Marian, objecting to so much public and promiscuous osculation, insists upon an immediate marriage, and, in consequence, a revulsion of popular feeling sets in and he is openly flouted.

Wearied and broken of spirit he breaks down at last and is taken to a lunatic asylum, where he ends his days entirely neglected by the heartless Marian. The satire is maintained to the very last sentence. His old staunch friend, Cleary, finds him playing with a box of lead toy soldiers:

"They say I am a lunatic," he said, "but I'm not. When they say I'm a lunatic they mean I'm a perfect soldier—a com-

plete soldier. And they call those fine fellows lead soldiers! Lunatics and lead soldiers, indeed! Well, suppose we are! I tell you an army of lead soldiers with a lunatic at the head would be the best army in the world. We do what we're told, and we're not afraid of anything."

As Cleary left the institution, the doctor assured him that the erstwhile hero was "perfectly harmless."

"Perfectly harmless!" repeated Cleary to himself as he got into his carriage. "What an idea! A perfectly harmless soldier!"

The story is well told and the satire is extremely clever and telling. Excellent, also, are the twenty-five illustrations by the illustrator, Dan Beard, who has thoroughly entered into the spirit of the author. It is not often that the unity of letterpress and illustration is so complete. By courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to reproduce two of these clever and interesting cartoons. S.

The Proletariat.

By J. D. STEELL.

Are we, of common clay,
But foster-children of that mother mild,
Who else each living creature owns her child?
And hath she then decreed,
That we should have no succor for our need,
Except as those to wealth and honors born
Toss to our grasping hands their crusts in scorn?

We spin, we weave, we till the fruitful soil,
We rear vast cities with enduring toil.
Ours are the sacred fane, the stately hall,
The gorgeous palace, and luxurious bower.
We planted tree, and vine, and flower.
Yet are we housed in noisome cellars damp,
And windy garrets cold.
In mean attire are clad.
No pleasant fruits are ours,
Nor cates and wine.
On our fair daughters' breasts no fine-wrought jewels
shine.

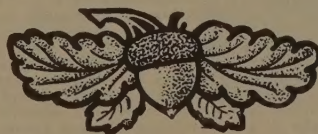
Yet precious metals delve we from the mine,
And into forms of beauty shape aright,
And call to life the diamond's soul of light.
But lapped in ideal ease
Wealth's pampered minions dwell.
In gilded rooms on beds of down repose,
Are clad in costliest raiment, dine
On richest viands, the while sparkling flows
The choicest wines, and on the glittering board
All things that Art's or Nature's powers have stored
Are lavished the entranced soul to tempt.
Yet do they hold us in contempt,
Who on them all these toil-won gifts bestow,
Regarding us as creatures mean and low.

How long must we, even as beasts, endure
To toil and toil, and find our toiling vain,
Dragging till death an ever lengthening chain?

Let us arise like men,
And rend our gyves in twain,
Our hands have forged them,
And our hands can break.


The wealth that we create
No more to hoards of idlers vain shall flow.
No more shall art, and song,
And all that life's dull round ameliorate,
Unto a favored few alone belong.
To all that's ours we henceforth make a claim,
Love, pleasure, grace,
And the delights that wait
Where time-worn Wisdom hath his treasure heaped,
In the vast cloisters of the halls of Fame,
Which with pale Genius' patient feet
Through ages long have echoed, as she brought
To swell his store rich-carven gems of thought,
The spoils of bard and sage, in tears of sorrow steeped,
Scourged by the thongs of their task-masters,
Penury and Shame.

Yet not in brutal rage
Shall we fierce vengeance on the oppressor take.
But in our strength secure,
With patient toil will lay
The firm foundations of a nobler state,
Fit for all future ages to endure,
That all the groaning millions of the earth may say:
'Behold, at last there breaks a brighter day!'



THE COMRADE

APRIL, 1902.



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Editorial.

If the prize offered annually under the terms of the will of Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, for the best worker for the advancement of international peace and the suppression of war, might be won by an organization there can be little doubt that the first recipient ought to be the International Socialist Committee, acting on behalf of the great worldwide Socialist movement. No other organization, whether political or religious, has done or is doing so much in that direction. The Socialist party of the world alone faces the great economic questions from which wars spring and all its acts are directed toward that goal of international solidarity, which alone can end the terrible curse of militarism beneath which the nations are groaning.

Others besides Socialists indeed there are who oppose war. Generally, however, these are content to cry "Peace!" when to all else it is apparent that there can be no peace. A Baroness von Suttner may cry "Lay Down your Arms!"; a Vereschagin may preach peace by painting war in its most lurid aspects, or a Stead declare "War against War," but until the great underlying economic causes are removed war will continue its ravages. Until then, too, preachers of the gospel of "Peace and Goodwill among men" will continue to pray for the coming of that kingdom of peace with one breath, and for the triumph of might in unjust and inglorious wars with the next, and the hypocrisy of "Peace Conferences" will be persisted in.

Of all the colossal lies that Governments have ever sought to impose upon the people,

the Hague Peace Conference, and the Rescript of the Czar of Russia which gave rise to it, certainly take foremost place. That the Czar ever intended to attempt to put his 'disarmament' idea into practice, or that the governments represented at the Hague Conference ever intended to abide by its decisions, no serious person now believes.

When the famous 'Peace Rescript' was issued bearing the signature of Count Muravieff, there was a good deal of premature rejoicing. People believed that the legend of Angels proclaiming the dawn of Peace was at last to be translated into fact. A few cynical persons there were in Europe and this country, who persisted in their refusal to believe that at last the Ethiopian had changed his skin, and that by a tyrant Czar, the dove of Peace was to be sent forth with its glad message. Peace is the child of Liberty and apart from Liberty there can be no Peace. Therefore the cynical persons aforesaid, urged that unless the Czar was ready to grant freedom of speech in Russia, and to abandon the persecution of Doukhobors, Poles and Finns, his cry for peace was an empty sham.

And so it proved. As all the world knows now, it was but a skillful move upon the chess-board of industrial diplomacy. The facts which led to that move, briefly stated, were as follows.

An enquiry had been held into the condition of the Russian army, and the commission had reported that, whilst all the other armies of Europe had been wonderfully improved, the condition of the Imperial army was not one whit better than in 1877. In view of the critical position in the far East this was a serious thing and demanded immediate attention. But where was the money to come from? The treasury was depleted and efforts to raise an immense loan had, for well-known reasons, failed.

What was to be done?

Happy thought! Let secret orders be given for extensive naval and military improvements, then let the Rescript go forth with a cry for the immediate suspension of all programs for increased armaments and the graded reduction of all existing armaments. Such a cry could not fail to be popular, and, in the meantime, the Russification of Finland could be proceeded with and the treasury replenished by the imposition of still further burdens of taxation.

The rest needs no telling: The Peace Conference met; Russia improved its position in Manchuria; the war of Britain upon the Boer Republics and of the Allies upon China proceeded in spite of the agreement arrived at by that costly and hypocritical gathering at the Hague. But the cry had served its purpose: the people were hypnotized.

Between the Peace Conference at the Hague and the recent Industrial Peace Conference in New York, there exists a striking parallel, and it was a happy inspiration that led the artist to depict Labor as the subject of hypnotic experiment—the cry of Peace once again served its purpose.

If for "Count Muravieff" in the foregoing, you read "His Imperial Highness, Marcus Hanna," and for "Czar" and "Russia," read "His August Majesty, Pierpont Morgan," and the "Billion Dollar Steel Trust," respectively, the parallel will be readily apparent.

There had recently been a great battle between the Steel Trust and its employees, and although victory had rested with the trust, it was still far too costly a war for His August Majesty Pierpont Morgan and his advisers to regard lightly. The men, however, were sullen in their defeat, and vowed their intention to make yet another attempt whenever the opportunity to strike should present itself. Un-

der any circumstances the Steel Trust could not well afford this, but there were special reasons why such a strike in the near future might prove a positive menace. To begin with, there was the movement in the British steel industry which has since resulted in the formation of a rival trust there, and a similar movement in Germany apparently imminent. It is fairly obvious that in the event of a battle between the rival trusts of Britain and America, neither party could afford to be hampered by internecine strife. It is fairly obvious also that in the event of such a battle between the rivals the sullen steel workers would see their coveted opportunity to avenge themselves.

Under such circumstances, what could be more natural than that His August Majesty of the Steel Trust, following the brilliant example of His August Majesty, the Czar, should desire a "Peace Conference?"

Mark Hanna, whose crocodile tears and professions of love for organized labor actually deceived some "Labor Leaders," is the Count Muravieff of the new commercial diplomacy. It is worthy of note that in England a "friendly conference" between masters and men was held at which the former sought the co-operation of the latter in their struggle against the American invasion. It is indeed a pretty study!

Closely allied to the general question of militarism is that of the decadence of Republican ideals in the two great republics of the world, France and the United States.

On the morning of the arrival in this city of Prince Henry of Prussia, in one of the socialist clubs of the city, a poor workman, horny-handed and unlettered, gave expression to the opinion that the capitalists of this country, if they so desired, could easily persuade the people to acquiesce in the establishment of a monarchical system of government.

By one of those strange coincidences which present themselves at every turn, the same idea found vigorous expression next day in at least two great newspapers, one in this country, the other in England. In view of the extravagant snobbery displayed in connection with the German Prince's visit and the forthcoming coronation of Edward VII. of England, the idea is not so far-fetched as at first appears. When crowds of people in every great city can be gathered together who will shout themselves hoarse over the visit of a prince, and the people generally acquiesce in the sending of a special embassy to the coronation of a king, the Republican sentiment is at a low ebb.

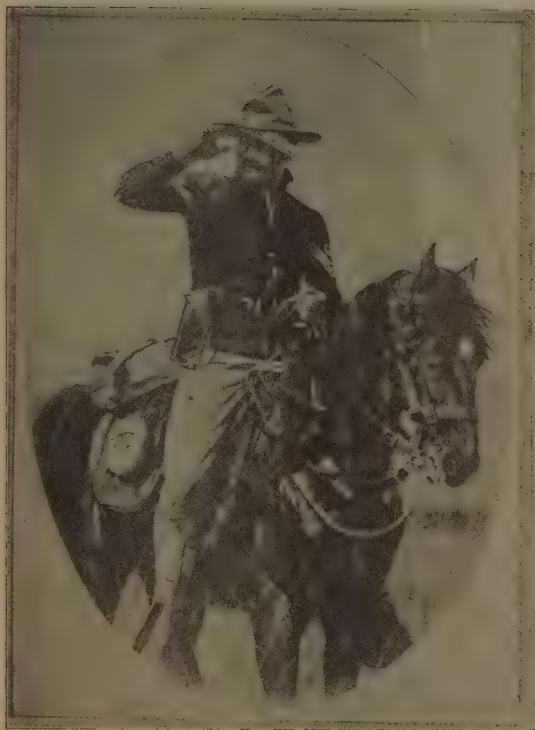
Socialists fully understand that it does not much matter, after all, whether the form of capitalist government be Monarchical or Republican, except in this, that the Republican form of government is essential to Socialism, and it behooves us, therefore, to do all in our power to preserve it.

S.



Verestchagin, Painter of War.

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.



"YOU ARE HIT, SERGEANT!"

A most unconventional figure in a very conventional world is Vassili Verestchagin, the Russian painter, who has brought a collection of his pictures to the United States, and is exhibiting them in our principal cities. He makes us realize anew that Russia is a land of paradoxes, sending forth from beneath the shadow of its despotism the Tolstoys and Gorkys who sound the most democratic note in contemporary literature, and from the atmosphere of its crushing militarism a Verestchagin, whose art is the record of a war against war.

Verestchagin has had an adventurous life, such as falls to the lot of very few in these days. He has himself fought as a soldier in his younger days; he has penetrated into savage lands; he has climbed the Himalayas; he has visited Turkey, Persia, China, India, Egypt, the Soudan and the Philippines. His first taste of war was in 1867, when he accompanied a Russian expedition into Central Asia, sent by the Government to punish the marauding Turcomans. He fought so bravely that he was awarded the Cross of St. George, the highest military decoration the Czar can bestow. Years after, he went through the Russo-Turkish war, accompanying the army as an artist, but becoming embroiled in the fighting. He was present at the storming of Plevna and Constantinople, and was wounded while helping to fire a Turkish gunboat from a torpedo. "I saw war, I heard war, I lived war, I experienced war," he remarked afterward.

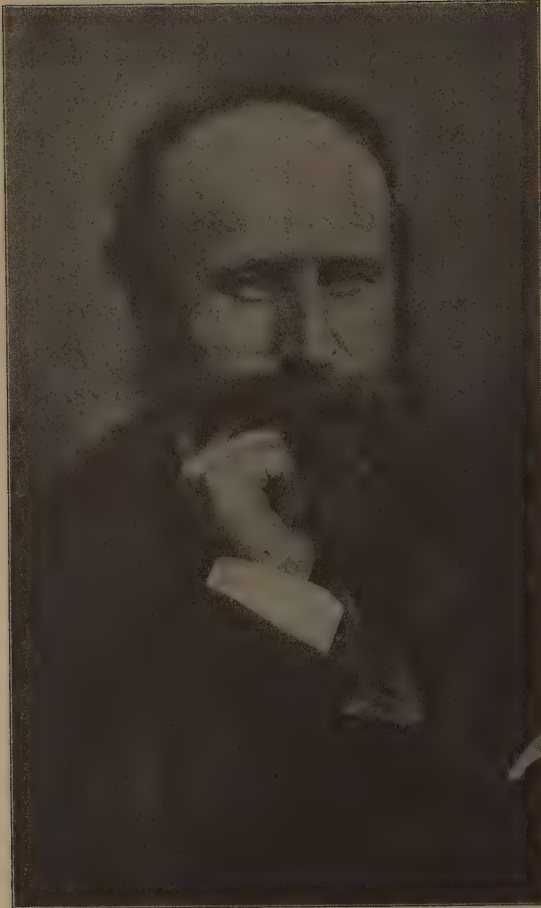
Verestchagin, then, paints as no mere theorist. He paints

that which he knows. His war pictures may fall short when judged by the highest artistic standards; they may seem stiff and hard when compared with the products of the more poetical school of painting. But, above all, they are direct and simple and true, and they appeal with irresistible force to the great mass of men,—the common people. They are sermons on canvas, speaking to the conscience and the heart of humanity. In Verestchagin's paintings we see war not as a glorious thing, with flags flying and bands booming. We see it as it is, in all its sickening horror and brutality. He shows us the battlefield with men racked and tortured; men disemboweled; men writhing in their death agonies. He pictures a sentinel frozen to death as he stands; or Napoleon, leading his miserable army from Moscow through the pitiless cold and snow; or Sepoys blown from the mouths of British cannons; or an English boy lying on the Transvaal veldt, with the foul carrion-crow flopping above him. Verestchagin's last series of pictures is on the Philippine War, and the American who thinks that there is any glory in that war is likely to be disillusionized by these paintings. The Russian painter can find nothing noble in it, but he brings before our eyes the picture of a Filipino youth, a "Spy," charged with the heinous crime of attempting to defend his country against invaders; and of a hospital scene, in which, with harrowing vividness, is portrayed the lingering sickness and death of an American soldier. Another striking Philippine picture is one that we reproduce herewith, showing a wounded sergeant with the blood running down his face. This blood, remarks a recent writer, "is not the bright scarlet paint that in other battle pictures serves only to give a brilliant touch of color, but a dark, clammy stream that trickles, and creeps, and sickens you as you look at it."

The thoughtless jingo can endure anything rather than pictures such as these. Verestchagin's paintings have been



DEATH—THE UNFINISHED LETTER.



VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN.

destroyed by mobs, condemned by the military, and forbidden by the church. Von Moltke would not allow his soldiers to see them, and gave strict orders to that effect. The Czar was very angry with Verestchagin over some of his paintings, taking the ground that the people ought to know nothing of the worst side of fighting. The Russian artist was compelled to destroy one of his best pictures, because it showed a Russian army in retreat, and the Governmental authorities were unwilling to admit either that such a thing ever had happened or ever could happen!

"What a foolish game this war is!" Verestchagin once exclaimed. "Here, men are being shot down like cattle; there, Sisters of Mercy are picking them up and trying to heal their wounds. A man no sooner falls than he is taken into the hospital, where men with broken limbs lie in hundreds or thousands; and while gentle women are tenderly caring for them, assuaging their agony, and lessening, as much as they can, their almost unbearable pain, men are falling like rain not far away. What nonsense! How stupid to wound a man and to heal his wound again! The savages are the only logical warriors I know. They kill their enemies and eat them." In a recent public address in Chicago, Verestchagin showed that he recognized, in part at least, the economic causes of war. He

seems to approach the whole question, however, from the ethical, rather than the economic, point of view. With Ruskin, he lays emphasis on the merciful instincts of women, and believes that they will play no small part in the abolition of war.

Verestchagin is doing a great work. Every man or woman who hopes for a better world to live in owes a debt of gratitude to this strong knight who has entered the lists against the demon of war. The time is coming when it will be almost impossible for men to imagine the horrors of the wars that have drenched the pages of history in blood, and when the murderous weapons of war will be relegated to the museums to take their place beside the instruments of torture of the Middle Ages. The Socialist era that lies before us will wipe out forever the black nightmare of battles.



Fate's Fairer Fame.

(Written for "The Comrade.")

I.

In ev'ry land there shall arise
A people full of hope and mirth,
With music mounted to the skies
And glory girt about the earth;
Like waking flowers all bright with dew,
Like roses op'ning to the sun;
The souls of men shall hail in view
A golden life for ev'ry one.

II.

Pale weariness shall be unknown,
And greedy care shall pass away,
No more shall toiling millions moan,
And weep their fate from day to day;
Like songs in June from happy birds,
Like wimpling waters in a wood,
Like heroes' will in poet's words,
Shall life be felt and understood.

III.

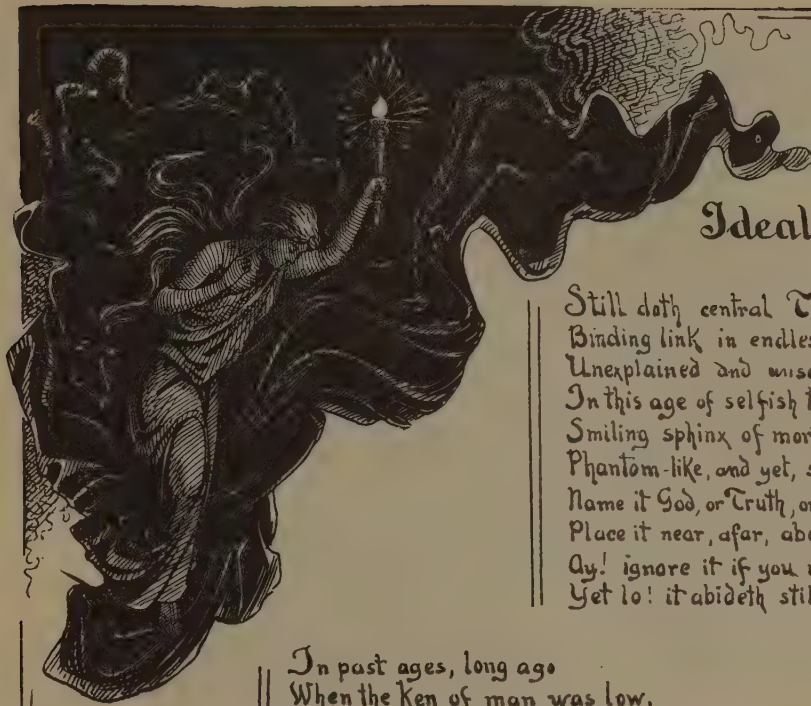
The dream shall be the day's delight,
And beauty, Art's perpetual boon,
No fear shall mar the silent night,
No grief invade exultant noon;
But valor walking free and wise,
And honor circling ev'ry brow,
And goodwill gleaming from all eyes,
Shall fate with fairer fame endow.

IV.

In ev'ry heart there shall upspring
An impulse new, of noble birth,
And wit and grace and worth shall fling,
A glow of fancy o'er the earth;
And laughter o'er the lips of men,
Shall leap alive with artless glee,
And kindness in its kingdom then,
Shall reign supreme from sea to sea.

DAVID LOWE,

Author of "Gift of the Night" and "A Scots' Wanderjahre"



Idealism.

Still doth central Truth remain
Binding link in endless chain
Unexplained and unsought
In this age of selfish thought -
Smiling sphinx of mortal weal
Phantom-like, and yet, so real!
Name it God, or Truth, or Love;
Place it near, afar, above -
Ay! ignore it if you will,
Yet lo! it abideth still.

In past ages, long ago
When the ken of man was low,
And the future vague and dark
Yet there glow'd immortal spark
Like inviting, guiding star
Twinkling in hope's sky afar;
Bidding Man forsake the night
Step by step, and seek the light
Whispering, "Listen and obey"
For, Truth cannot lead astray.

Thus, unconsciously, the race
Trode the centuries apace,
Marching on with tireless stride
With that soul-spark as a guide;
Often falling in the path,
Blind with prejudice or wrath,
Fear and selfishness or greed,
Yet, repenting each misdeed;
Shedding cheerfully its blood
For the human Brotherhood.





INTERIOR OF A PHILADELPHIA CIGAR FACTORY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY GABRIEL JOSEPH, CIGARMAKER AND PRESIDENT OF UNITED LABOR LEAGUE.

The Cigarmakers' Place in Modern Industry.

By CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

In ancient days, the radicalism of working people was naturally aimed at the claims of royalty to be of divine origin, and very naturally, too, it was the tailors who first protested that kings and queens were made of very much the same kind of clay as humble folk. Those cross-legged, cynical fellows maintained their position by citing the measurements of certain royal shoulders which had to be padded out to keep the Great One from looking ridiculous in the eyes of his subjects. And was it not a well-known fact—they argued—that skilled costume-makers had so arrayed the royal drapery as to conceal a hideous stoop—or was it not really a hump?—in a spinal column popularly supposed to owe its noble carriage to the grace of God?

In another generation, the shoemakers had become the freethinkers among the masses, and between stitching and pounding, and much scolding of apprentices, they found time to discuss the great questions of Church, State, and Taxation. In their sly, dogged fashion, they contrived to spread abroad slowly the new heresy that the common people had rights as well as their oppressors.

A much later day finds the printers taking the lead in political argument and advancing theories far ahead of the statesmanship of their times. In debate they developed quickly an astonishing command of language and a knowledge of history far beyond that of the average wage-earner. Their

trade proved to be in itself both an education and a stimulus to mental exertion. Up to the present day, they have not ceased to supply the Labor world with brilliant speakers and writers on economies, while their trade organizations have everywhere proved effective.

Wherever hand-labor has thus been employed in groups large or small, it has invariably fostered the free discussion of things commonly held to be too sacred for public consideration, and far beyond the comprehension of the "masses." It has indeed paved the way for more than one political revolution.

But most of the hand-labor of to-day is being applied to industries that isolate the workers from each other instead of bringing them together in groups. The house-painter still holds his brush in his good right hand,—the carpenter his saw,—the stone-cutter his chisel—but each one of these craftsmen stands alone before his task, a solitary worker. Fortunate is he if he finds one comrade within speaking distance. Numerous other artisans—as well as hosts of unskilled laborers, such as motormen, brakesmen, switchmen and the like—are similarly situated.

Whatever cohesion exists among these toilers must be a kind of hot-house growth, fostered after night-fall. Too often, the saloon is their only available meeting-place for discussion. Organization under these conditions is apt to be weak and is

subject to frequent misunderstandings and break-downs. This is true even when the intelligence and education of the members are above the average.

It is not hard to understand how the collective employment of a large number of persons under one roof develops the ties of comradeship into a strong union of forces. Neither is it hard to understand how the radical thinking of a few, under such conditions, advances the clear thinking of the many—who certainly would not think at all if they had to do it alone.

But here again we find this admirable sense of solidarity greatly impaired by the presence of the machine in the modern mill or factory. To be operated successfully, flying wheels, belts, circular saws and revolving knives must have the concentrated attention of every faculty of the worker—and if he fails to give it, they are ever ready to tear him limb from limb or grind him into a pulpy mass. Then the whirring, shrieking, thundering noises of much of our modern machinery are enough in themselves to drown every attempt at conversation among the workers. Our toilers make a dismal choice of solitary confinement with hard labor on the one hand, or the congregate system of penal discipline with hard labor on the other. The speeding up of both machine and worker to the utmost limit of their powers makes the situation still worse in all industries.

We may, indeed, be thankful if the march of "Civilization" has left us a single trade in which hand-labor is still permitted to apply itself collectively—and noiselessly—to a modern industry.

Our American cigar-makers are perhaps the only class left to stand in the shoes of the tailors and shoe-makers of ancient Europe in the freedom of their workshops. A hand-cigar-maker owns his tools and works in factories employing hundreds of his fellows. His tools are few and simple. They consist of a board, a cutting-machine, a sharp blade—and the outfit can be bought for less than two dollars. He sits down to his task before a long narrow table, with his fellow workmen on every side of him grouped in long rows and seated before the same kind of tables. The work is comparatively noiseless, and although it demands the closest attention, the workers can relieve the monotony by general conversation. Endless debates and discussions become the order of the day, until every subject under Heaven has a hearing and is fought out to the bitter end, while swift fingers roll and cut the tobacco leaves into neat cigars. In some Southern factories a cunning manager will persuade his "hands" to hire a reader from their own ranks in the hope that the excitable fellows may desist from argument and cease to lose time by violent gesticulation—as Spaniards and Cubans are prone to do. This method of keeping them quiet has been found very soothing and profitable.

It is chiefly due to his freedom during working hours that the cigar-maker has developed into such a radical workman. At least, this is the way cigar-makers themselves explain it. Their trade organizations are among the most aggressive in the country, and the solidarity of the workers has carried their union all over the United States and Canada.

In Philadelphia the cigar-makers, in conjunction with the German Trade-Unionists, have composed the fighting strength of the Socialist party. There are always many cigar-makers to be found among the Socialists everywhere, but in this city a large proportion of the members of the Cigar-makers' Unions are strong Socialists. In fact, the "Father of Socialism" in Philadelphia—Herr Fritzsche—was a cigar-maker in Germany before being exiled to this country for his opinions.

The deep sense of solidarity among these people is the more remarkable when one remembers that their social life is divided and subdivided by every conceivable line of racial and religious prejudice. Nowhere is there to be found a greater confusion of tongues than in an American (hand-made) cigar factory. But in this babel of broken speech, rough jokes and Latin volubility, these people—brought together only by the common occupation of their fingers—are threshing out day by day their differences, and reaching a comradeship broad enough to include Jew and Gentile, Slav and Latin, Yankee and negro within its folds.

One may speculate indefinitely on the causes that have preserved hand-labor in this industry for so long, while other avenues of employment have been given over to the machine.

Cigar-makers love to tell the tale of the haughty printers who, only a few years ago, used to tap their foreheads and explain grandly to a somewhat despised cigar-roller:—

"Our work demands brains—brains, my good sir! What have we to fear from the machine? Can steel see? Can it think? No, sir; they can never invent anything to take the place of our brains!"

But the clever printers have found to their sorrow that steel can see, and the machine has now pushed their brains into a much smaller corner of the industrial field. Meanwhile, the pallid hand cigar-maker, bending low over his unwholesome task and risking his health and eye-sight in a tobacco-poisoned atmosphere, is still working along the same primitive lines and rejoicing in his liberty to discuss all the affairs of the universe with his comrades.

It may be that he owes his long security from machine-invasion to the control which the Latin races have always exercised over the tobacco industry. Certain traditional, semi-feudal tendencies are perhaps accountable for the preference which Southern races give to the employment of human labor on a scale that could readily be reduced by machine methods.

In fact, the machine has already knocked more than once at the door of the cigar-making industry, and is making vigorous efforts to assert its supremacy. The American Cigar Company is now turning out a wonderfully cheap cigar which is the joint product of the Child and the Machine. It is doubtful if even the desperate and exceedingly effective boycott that the cigar-makers have forced against this much-dreaded spectre will in the long run prevent the wholesale displacement of adult workers by child-labor, as more perfect machines are placed on the market.

In the meantime, the wiser heads are devoting all their energies to inducing other toilers to see the situation as it really exists, and to unite with them in bringing about by the ballot the Social Revolution that is to usher in the Co-operative Commonwealth—the reign of peace and plenty on earth.





Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

News from Nowhere.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

AND now again I was busy looking about me, for we were quite clear of Piccadilly Market, and we were in a region of elegantly-built much ornamented houses, which I should have called villas if they had been ugly and pretentious, which was very far from being the case. Each house stood in a garden carefully cultivated, and running over with flowers. The black-birds were singing their best amidst the garden-trees, which, except for a bay here and there, and occasional groups of limes, seemed to be all fruit-trees: there were a great many cherry-trees, now all laden with fruit; and several times as we passed by a garden we were offered baskets of fine fruit by children and young girls. Amidst all these gardens and houses it was of course impossible to trace the sites of the old streets: but it seemed to me that the main roadways were the same as of old.

We came presently into a large open space, sloping somewhat toward the south, the sunny site of which had been taken advantage of for planting an orchard, mainly, as I could see, of apricot-trees, in the midst of which was a pretty gay little structure of wood, painted and gilded, that looked like a refreshment-stall. From the southern side of the said orchard ran a long road, chequered over with the shadow of tall old

pear-trees, at the end of which showed the high tower of the Parliament House, or Dung Market.

A strange sensation came over me; I shut my eyes to keep out the sight of the sun glittering on this fair abode of gardens, and for a moment there passed before them a phantasmagoria of another day. A great space surrounded by tall ugly houses, with an ugly church at the corner and a nondescript ugly cupolaed building at my back; the roadway thronged with a sweltering and excited crowd, dominated by omnibuses crowded with spectators. In the midst a paved be-fountain square, populated only by a few men dressed in blue, and a good many singularly ugly bronze images (one on top of a tall column). The said square guarded up to the edge of the roadway by a four-fold line of big men clad in blue, and across the southern roadway the helmets of a band of horse-soldiers, dead white in the greyness of the chilly November afternoon.

I opened my eyes to the sunlight again and looked round me, and cried out among the whispering trees and odorous blossoms, "Trafalgar Square!"

"Yes," said Dick, who had drawn rein again, "so it is. I don't wonder at your finding the name ridiculous: but after all, it was nobody's business to alter it, since the name of a dead folly doesn't bite. Yet sometimes I think we might have given it a name which would have commemorated the great battle which was fought on the spot itself in 1952,—that was important enough, if the historians don't lie."

"Which they generally do, or at least did," said the old man. "For instance, what can you make of this, neighbors? I have read a muddled account in a book—O a stupid book!—called James' Social Democratic History, of a fight which took place here in or about the year 1887 (I am bad at dates). Some people, says this story, were going to hold a ward-mote here, or some such thing, and the Government of London, or the Council, or the Commission, or what not other barbarous half-hatched body of fools, fell upon these citizens (as they were then called) with the armed hand. That seems too ridiculous to be true; but according to this version of the story, nothing came of it, which certainly is too ridiculous to be true."

"Well," quoth I, "but after all your Mr. James is right so far, and it is true; except that there was no fighting, merely unarmed and peaceable people attacked by ruffians armed with bludgeons."

"And they put up with that?" said Dick, with the first unpleasant expression I had seen on his good-natured face.

Said I, reddening: "We had to put up with it; we couldn't help it."

The old man looked at me keenly, and said: "You seem to know a great deal about it, neighbor! And is it really true that nothing came of it?"

"What, of the bludgeoners?" said the old man. "Poor devils!"

"No, no," said I, "of the bludgeoned."

Said the old man rather severely: "Friend, I expect that you have been reading some rotten collection of lies, and have been taken in by it too easily."

"I assure you," said I, "what I have been saying is true."

"Well, well, I am sure you think so, neighbor," said the old man, "but I don't see why you should be so cock-sure."

As I couldn't explain why, I held my tongue. Meanwhile Dick, who had been sitting with knit brows, cogitating, spoke at last, and said gently and rather sadly:

"How strange to think that there have been men like ourselves, and living in this beautiful and happy country, who I suppose had feelings and affections like ourselves, who could yet do such dreadful things."

"Yes," said I, in a didactic tone; "yet after all, even those days were a great improvement on the days that had gone before them. Have you not read of the Mediæval period, and the ferocity of its criminal laws; and how in those days men fairly seemed to have enjoyed tormenting their fellow men?—nay, for the matter of that, they made their God a tormentor and a jailer rather than anything else."

"Yes," said Dick, "there are good books on that period also, some of which I have read. But as to the great improvement of the nineteenth century, I don't see it. After all, the Mediæval folk acted after their conscience, as your remark about their God (which is true) shows, and they were ready to bear what they inflicted on others; whereas the nineteenth century ones were hypocrites, and pretended to be humane, and yet went on tormenting those who they dared to treat so by shutting them up in prison, for no reason at all, except that they were what they themselves, the prison-masters, had forced them to be. O, it's horrible to think of!"

"But perhaps," said I, "they did not know what the prisons were like."

Dick seemed roused, and even angry. "More shame for them," said he, "when you and I know it all these years afterwards. Look you, neighbor, they couldn't fail to know what a disgrace a prison is to the Commonwealth at the best, and that their prisons were a good step on towards being at the worst."

Quoth I: "But have you no prisons at all now?"

As soon as the words were out of my mouth, I felt that I had made a mistake, for Dick flushed red and frowned, and the old man looked surprised and pained; and presently, Dick said angrily, yet as if restraining himself somewhat—

"Man alive! how can you ask such a question? Have

I not told you that we know what a prison means by the undoubted evidence of really trustworthy books, helped out by our own imaginations? And haven't you specially called me to notice that the people about the roads and streets look happy? and how could they look happy if they knew that their neighbors were shut up in prison, while they bore such things quietly? And if there were people in prison, you couldn't hide it from folk, like you may an occasional man-slaying; because that isn't done of set purpose, with a lot of people backing up the slayer in cold blood, as this prison business is. Prisons, indeed! O no, no, no!"

He stopped, and began to cool down, and said in a kind voice: "But forgive me! I needn't be so hot about it, since there are *not* any prisons: I'm afraid you will think the worse of me for losing my temper. Of course, you, coming from the outlands, cannot be expected to know about these things. And now I'm afraid I have made you feel uncomfortable."

In a way he had; but he was so generous in his heat, that I liked him the better for it, and I said: "No, really 'tis all my fault for being so stupid. Let me change the subject, and ask you what the stately building is on our left just showing at the end of that grove of plane-tree?"

"Ah," he said, "that is an old building built before the middle of the twentieth century, and as you see, in a queer fantastic style not over beautiful; but there are some fine things inside it, too, mostly pictures, some very old. It is called the National Gallery; I have sometimes puzzled as to what the name means: anyhow, nowadays wherever there is a place where pictures are kept as curiosities permanently it is called a National Gallery, perhaps after this one. Of course there are a good many of them up and down the country."

I didn't try to enlighten him, feeling the task too heavy; but I pulled out my magnificent pipe and fell a-smoking, and the old horse jogged on again. As we went, I said:

"This pipe is a very elaborate toy, and you seem so reasonable in this country, and your architecture is so good, that I rather wonder at your turning out such trivialities."

It struck me as I spoke that this was rather ungrateful of me, after having received such a fine present; but Dick didn't seem to notice my bad manners, but said:

"Well, I don't know; it is a pretty thing, and since nobody need make such things unless they like, I don't see why they shouldn't make them, if they like. Of course, if carvers were scarce they would all be busy on the architecture, as you call it, and then these 'toys' (a good word) would not be made; but since there are plenty of people who can carve—in fact, almost everybody, and as work is somewhat scarce, or we are afraid it may be, folk do not discourage this kind of petty work."

He mused a little, and seemed somewhat perturbed; but presently his face cleared, and he said: "After all, you must admit that the pipe is a very pretty thing, with the little people under the trees all cut so clean and sweet;—too elaborate for a pipe, perhaps, but—well, it is very pretty."

"Too valuable for its use, perhaps," said I.

"What's that?" said he; "I don't understand."

I was just going in a helpless way to try to make him understand, when we came by the gates of a big rambling building, in which work of some sort seemed going on. "What building is that?" said I, eagerly; for it was a pleasure amidst all these strange things to see something a little like what I was used to: "it seems to be a factory."

"Yes," he said, "I think I know what you mean, and that's what it is; but we don't call them factories now, but Banded-workshops: that is, places where people collect who want to work together."

"I suppose," said I, "power of some sort is used there?"

"No, no," said he. "Why should people collect together to use power, when they can have it at the places where they live, or hard by, any two or three of them; or any one, for the matter of that? No; folk collect in these Banded-workshops

to do hand-work in which working together is necessary or convenient; such work is often very pleasant. In there, for instance, they make pottery and glass,—there, you can see the tops of the furnaces. Well, of course it's handy to have fair-sized ovens and kilns and glass-pots, and a good lot of things to use them for: though of course there are a good many such places, as it would be ridiculous if a man had a liking for pot-making or glass-blowing that he should have to live in one place or be obliged to forego the work he liked."

"I see no smoke coming from the furnaces," said I.

"Smoke?" said Dick; "why should you see smoke?"

I held my tongue, and he went on: "It's a nice place inside, though as plain as you see outside. As to the crafts, throwing the clay must be jolly work: the glass-blowing is rather a sweltering job; but some folk like it very much indeed; and I don't much wonder: there is such a sense of power, when you have got deft in it, in dealing with the hot metal. It makes a lot of pleasant work," said he, smiling, "for however much care you take of such goods, break they will, one day or another, so there is always plenty to do."

I held my tongue and pondered.

We came just here on a gang of men road-mending which delayed us a little; but I was not sorry for it; for all I had seen hitherto seemed a mere part of a summer holiday; and I wanted to see how this folk would set to on a piece of real necessary work. They had been resting, and had only just begun work again as we came up; so that the rattle of their picks was what woke me from my musing. There were about a dozen of them, strong young men, looking much like a boating party at Oxford would have looked in the days I remembered, and not more troubled with their work; their outer raiment lay on the road-side in an orderly pile under the guardianship of a six-year-old boy, who had his arm thrown over the neck of a big mastiff, who was happily lazy as if the summer-day had been made for him alone. As I eyed the pile of clothes, I could see the gleam of gold and silk embroidery on it, and judged that some of these workmen had

tastes akin to those of the Golden Dustman of Hammersmith. Beside them lay a good big basket that had hints about it of cold pie and wine: a half dozen of young women stood by watching the work or the workers, both of which were worth watching, for the latter smote great strokes and were very deft in their labor, and as handsome clean-built fellows as you might find a dozen of in a summer day. They were laughing and talking merrily with each other and the women, but presently their foreman looked up and saw our way stopped. So he stayed his pick and sang out, "Spell ho, mates! here are neighbors want to get past." Whereon the others stopped also, and, drawing around us, helped the old horse by easing our wheels over the half undone road, and then, like men with a pleasant task on hand, hurried back to their work, only stopping to give us a smiling good-day; so that the sound of the picks broke out again before Greylocks had taken to his jog-trot. Dick looked back over his shoulder at them and said:

"They are in luck to-day: it's right down good sport trying how much pick-work one can get into an hour; and I can see those neighbors know their business well. It is not a mere matter of strength getting on quickly with such work; is it, guest?"

"I should think not," said I, "but to tell you the truth, I have never tried my hand at it."

"Really?" said he gravely, "that seems a pity; it is good work for hardening the muscles, and I like it; though I admit it is pleasanter the second week than the first. Not that I am a good hand at it: the fellows used to chaff me at one job where I was working, I remember, and sing out to me, 'Well rowed, stroke!' 'Put your back into it, bow!'"

"Not much of a joke," quoth I.

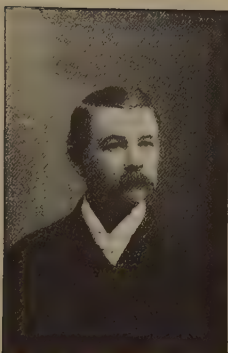
"Well," said Dick, "everything seems like a joke when we have a pleasant spell of work on, and good fellows merry about us; we feel so happy, you know." Again I pondered silently.

(TO BE CONTINUED).



Our Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

I.



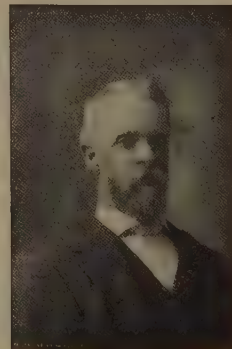
DR. DEAN,
Territorial Secretary, Oklahoma.



MISS JOHANNE DAHME,
One of New York's Most Popular
Lecturers.



W. L. OSWALD,
Arlington, N. J. Speaker and Writer.



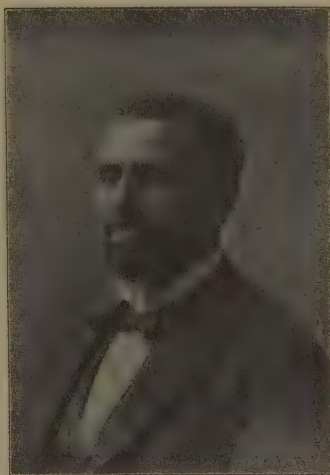
BENJAMIN WHITEHOUSE
Dover, New Hampshire.
An Untiring Worker for Socialism.

Farewell, John P. Altgeld.

One day last summer a few members of the Socialist Party paid a brief visit to ex-Governor Altgeld in his law-offices in Chicago. We were on our way to the Indianapolis Convention, and full of enthusiasm for Socialism and the prospective unity of our divided political forces. Altgeld greeted us cordially, and I was impressed at once with the quiet strength of that grizzled face, clouded over, even though it was, by a pallor that was prophetic of his approaching death. I had imagined him as a man of rather obstinate and choleric temperament, but he talked to us very calmly and gently that morning of his social ideals and his hope for the future of the world. "You are right," he said to us; "the Socialist thought is the true thought. Public ownership is the watchword of the future. The Socialist dream will one day come true." Later, he added: "Would that I had new strength and health to fight the battle again!" Then, almost wistfully: "Perhaps, if I were ten years younger, I would be with you." As we parted, he made us each accept as a memento of our visit an autograph copy of his little book on "Oratory." Little did we know that it was to be the last occasion on which we should see his face!

Perhaps the Altgeld we saw that morning was not the Altgeld that the world always knew. Perhaps, during his long career, he played the politician at times; perhaps he made false steps; perhaps he

was untrue to his own logic. But all these things are forgotten in the splendid moral passion of the man and his service of the radical cause. That he was true to



the labor movement we know from his conduct in the Chicago strike. That he was a fearless man we know from his pardoning of the Chicago Anarchists. That he was an honest man no one who

has come in touch with his intense personality is likely to deny.

Some years ago I came across the following quotation from one of Altgeld's speeches:

"Young men, life is before you. Two voices are calling you—one coming from the swamps of selfishness and force, where success means death; and the other from the hilltops of justice and progress, where even failure brings glory. Two lights are seen in your horizon—one the fast fading marsh light of power, and the other the slowly rising sun of human brotherhood. Two ways lie open for you—one leading to an ever lower and lower plain, where are heard the cries of despair and the curses of the poor, where manhood shrivels and possession rots down the possessor; and the other leading off to the highlands of the morning, where are heard the glad shouts of humanity and where honest effort is rewarded with immortality."

There has been no truer message to American youth than that, and Altgeld's own life was an illustration of the failure which was a glorious success.

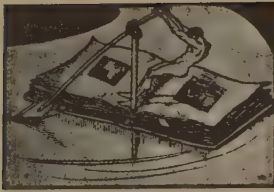
And now he is gone,—struck down as he poured out his protest against the British crime in South Africa. Clarence Darrow spoke the truth when he said over his stricken body: "He died as he had lived, pleading the cause of the lowly."

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

Song of the Poor Tears of Souls.

Ye shall not be despised, poor tears! Poor tears wrung from the Souls of All Things; wept for themselves, life of since Dead Souls, Souls of the Unloved; Souls of the Wandering; Souls of them that have strayed; Souls Cheerless and Gray; Souls of the Scorned; Souls of the Dead; Souls of the Living Dead; Souls of the Lost; Souls of them that have been Forgotten, flow into the Oceans of my Compassion, poor Tears! Be drawn into the Heavens of Infinite Love by the warm rays of my Heart's sun, that ye may be gathered above the heads of unthinking men, a mist of Atonement! Ye shall descend in the Night as a gentle Rain, refreshing the fields of their undertaking; ye shall be the source of every oasis in the desert of men's selfishness! They shall be driven by parched throats to drink of thy waters, and they shall come away with grateful hearts! Ye shall moisten the soil of barren places, and where only weeds of omission have flourished shall be planted many gardens of Love! Poor Souls! O Tears! Ye shall not be despised!

GARDNER C. TEALL.



Views and Reviews.

Although William Morris wrote of himself as "The idle singer of an empty day," and was fond of so styling himself in conversation with his friends, few men in any age have exercised such a profound influence in their own lifetime as he. Nor was the influence dependent upon the presence of the man and destined to die with him, but, on the contrary, his fame grows brighter, and his influence greater, with the years.

Take, for example, the present revival in handicrafts in this country, which finds, perhaps, in the work of the United Crafts of Eastwood, N. Y., its highest and best expression. For years it seemed as if the Roycrofters were to be the only people to endeavor to reveal the new art-spirit—or shall we not say to revive the old art-spirit?—in America. That much of their work has been admirably conceived and executed, only the ignorant or the embittered will deny. Nevertheless reverent lovers of Morris who cherish the dignity and the quiet beauty of the work of the great master of Kelmscott, have often been unable to derive the complete satisfaction at the work of the Roycrofters which comes from contemplation of the truly beautiful. There has been so much eccentricity—forced eccentricity, amounting at times to cheap buffoonery—about it all that the joy of beholding good honest workmanship has been shadowed by the disgust which blatant pride and vulgar ostentation must bring to all who are able to appreciate the life and work of Morris.

It is not our intention, however, to join in the chorus of abuse which is being levelled at Mr. Elbert Hubbard just now, much of which is as vulgar and undignified as that erratic genius's worst antics. We prefer to turn to the brighter side of the picture—to the various high-souled and spirited attempts that are at present being made throughout the country to carry on the work of the master, who, like the true artist that he was, discarded all that suggested the mountebank. Art to him was a religion and he a devout worshipper at its shrine.

* * *

THE UNITED CRAFTS is by no means the only society whose work merits praise, but it stands pre-eminent in that its scope is so much greater than most others. It does not confine itself to one thing in particular any more than the many-sided inspirer of its existence did. Other notable attempts are those of the workers of the Alwil Shop of Ridgewood, N. J., and the Philosopher Press, of Wausau, Wis. In both these instances all efforts are being concentrated upon fine printing and with splendid results. The work of these two associations and the appearance of a number of beautifully printed magazines like "The Rubric" of Chicago, "Homo," and others, indicate that we have entered upon what may well prove to be the renaissance of fine printing in America, which will be hailed with joy by every soul that feels the sordid ugliness of the whole fabric of commercialized society.

Not all the criticisms of Mr. Elbert Hubbard and his ways are of the abusive and vulgar kind. Some of them even "Fra Elbertus" himself must have enjoyed. One can readily imagine that upon reading "The Billioustine" (Nos. I. and II.), for example, the man of the tie, the bust (terra-cotta, price 5.00) and the riotous hair, slapped his chest with pride, shook hands with himself, and remembering Murillo's discovery of Sebastian, cried out "Happy Fra! I have not only jested: I have made a jester!"

With its exaggerated cover and plentitude of string, the Billioustine is certainly one of the finest examples of humor and satire that has appeared in America in recent years. Mr. Bert Leston Taylor, the author, who is also the author of that extremely clever booklet, "The Book Booster," certainly takes his place with the foremost humorists of the time. Rarely indeed have we enjoyed anything so much as these clever, poignant, withal pleasant satires.

Whilst Mr. Taylor has been satirizing the "Philistine," Mr. Clifford Richmond of Easthampton, Mass., has been poking fun—O sacrilege!—at Fra's wonderful "Little Journeys," with considerable success. "A Little Spasm at the Home of Wolfgang Mozart," lacks the interest which "The Billioustine" possesses as an exaggerated imitation of the original, but it is nevertheless exceedingly funny, and no one with a sense of humor at all can read it without experiencing—well a "spasm" of joy at a good joke. It is a parody, of course, upon Hubbard's "Little Journey" to the home of Mozart, published in April of last year, which was accompanied with an apology from the author who said that he had lost the MS. of the journey as originally written. This original manuscript is supposed to have been found by a certain maiden lady and, in the interests of literature, published by Mr. Richmond. Instead of the frontispiece portrait on Japan vellum which would have accompanied the story if issued by the Roycrofters, there is a cartoon entitled "Me and Mozart."

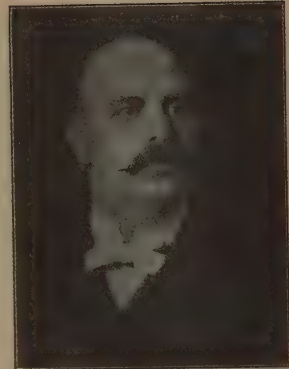
* * *

Lovers of smooth, cloying, verse who delight to feed upon morsels of dainty diction will do well to avoid Mr. Dawson's book, "Poems of the New Time." It is not for such these poems are intended. But the earnest of soul; the yearning spirits that await the coming of the "New Time" of Brotherhood; the brave who dare, unafraid, to open their hearts to the bitterest truths—these will find in this little volume of verse a veritable, and well nigh inexhaustable, banquet of good things.

For this is the voice of a man with convictions, who esteems truth of more value than mere melody, and if oftentimes the versification is crude and rugged, it will generally be found that the thought expressed is at once helpful and beautiful. What, to the Socialist especially, could be finer than the dominant thought of the opening poem, "Solidarity"?

"The world is mine, to live in and enjoy,
Is mine to love in and to weep,
Is mine to build upon but not destroy,
Is mine to labor in and sleep.
The world is mine, my heritage it is;
It is not mine alone
Who's born of woman, it is also his
His title is my own.

'Tis more my own than were it given me
To hold in undisturbed repose.
For me alone, a desert it would be;
Men make it blossom like the rose.
And whoso will not for my title fight,
Must likewise his resign:
And whoso tramples on another's right,
Abridges also mine.



MILES MENANDER DAWSON.

(By courtesy of Pirie Macdonald, "Photographer of Men," New York.

We stand together; neither can escape
Our joint responsibility.
The injuries we do each other, shape
The common, racial destiny.
Our interests are mutual, communal,
Wherever we may be;
The blows which on a cowering fellah fall,
Are an affront to me."

That is in itself a good socialist essay, and shows that Mr. Dawson realizes the inner and essential meaning of Socialism. It is no chance, haphazard utterance, but, on the contrary, the same spirit pervades the book from cover to cover. Perhaps the finest thing in the book is the soul-stirring "Lamentations," from which we quote:

"There comes a lamentation from the close-packed tenement,
From slum and dive and ghetto where the sons of toil are pent,
From Boston, from Chicago, San Francisco and New York;
From every city in the land come pleading cries for work;

* * *

The wail of infants starving and of mothers gaunt and lean,
Of fathers in whose sunken eyes no ray of hope is seen;
The wail of noble spirits who their fellows welfare willed,
Whose generous aspirations in the fight for bread are stilled.

* * *

There's raiment for the naked backs and for the starving, bread;
There's shelter for the homeless and there's burial for the dead;
There's nursing for the ailing ones and for the drooping, song;
But somehow all these blessings fail to go where they belong.

What mean these lamentations? Answer, ye who stand between,
Who all this desolation with unmoistened eyes have seen,
Who let the farmer go unshod, the cobbler go unfed
Save when there's opportunity for you to get ahead!

* * *

What mean these lamentations? Ah my brothers, they portend
The liberties our fathers won, soon to be at an end
Unless by honest ballots these bloodsuckers are o'erthrown.
And with united effort the despoiled resume their own."

In Lighter Mood.

We who have lamented the apostasy of Ten-nyson, Swinburne and others, and have felt sick at heart because of the adulation of mili-tarism and conquest, by the few singers that command attention in these times, cannot fail to welcome such a fearless and unfettered poet, when he seeks his theme in the common life and suffering of the common people.

Pleasant as it would be to linger over Mr. Dawson's pages, there is room for only one other brief extract. In "When you will," there is a suggestion of William Morris who also sang "There are but three words to speak, 'We will it!'" but the lesson cannot too often be repeated and we wish that the great mass of the common people could learn it from Mr. Dawson.

"Did poor little children nowhere cry for bread,
Did no willing son of labor go unfed
And the precious food no idler's stomach fill,
Would you like it? It will be so—when you will!"

* * * * *

Were there none in garrets shivering with cold
While hard-hearted men wring from their torments gold;
Were not rich men's hearts and poor men's bodies chill,
Would you like it? It will be so—when you will!"

Such are these poems of the "New Time," and by few singers has the spirit of that "bet-ter day a'coming" been so well fore-sung. Mr. Dawson's book is a notable collection of strong, fearless and helpful utterances which ought to be welcomed by every Socialist.

* * *

RAILROADING IN THE UNITED STATES, by Ben-jamin Hanford, the latest publication of the Socialistic Co-operative Association, is at once one of the most interesting and useful pamph-lets published for some time. Addressed primar-ily to railway workers—"To the not yet dead," as the author whimsically puts it—the pamphlet ought to have a large circulation among these, though, of course, it contains much that is of value to workers of other grades.

The author's style is bright and crisp and he has the happy knack of compressing an un-usual amount of information in a few sen-tences. Indeed there is a perfect arsenal of carefully attested and well chosen facts and figures in the twenty-four pages of this pam-plet, bearing evidence to much careful study and investigation of an important subject. A copy of "Railroading in the United States" in the hands of every railway worker would surely mean an enormous increase in the So-cialist vote at the next election.

* * *

We do not often agree with the work of the New York League for Political Education, and it gives us all the more pleasure, there-fore, to be able to say a word of approval of the new "Political Primer of New York City and State" by Miss Adele M. Fielde, pub-lished by the league. The book consists of about 140 pages, and is written in the form of a "catchism," all questions of importance re-lating to the government of New York City and State being carefully and concisely treated. A number of useful maps and a wealth of sta-tistical information upon specific subjects added to the general information, make the book a veritable cyclopedia of useful knowl-edge. We have tested the answers given to many important questions, as well as some of the statistical information, and have invari-ably found them to be correct. Secretaries and organizers throughout the State will find this excellent little manual of great value. S.

The Hustler and the Trust.

"New Line?" he queried.
"No...Tourist," I replied, lighting a fresh cigar.

"And you?" I asked.

"Steel," he replied with a look of pride.

I tried to look pleasant, but the man's stupid airs bored me.

"Yes, Sir," he continued, "I have the honor to represent the largest and wealthiest corpora-tion in the world."

"Billion, eh?"

"Exactly."

I crumpled his card maliciously as I slipped it into my pocket.

"Fine thing the Trust," I said. "Wonder-ful economy, organization and saving of la-bor."

We shook hands.

"That's what I call sense," he said heartily. Then, plaintively, "It's rare nowadays to hear a sane view like that." I blushed—for we had quite an audience now—and drank.

"Saving of labor! I guess so! Why, Sir, we've done away with eight hundred travel-lers!—Eight hundred, Sir!"

"Wonderful! and you'll do away with more yet," I suggested timidly.

Jones, who travels with woollens, eyed me curiously.

"Why, certainly, certainly! Why not?"

"May be they'll save your salary and Ex's next," I suggested.

"S-i-r?"

"Doesn't it strike you that if they dispense with many more, it may come your turn to drop off—in the interest of economy, you know?"

He was silent.

"I suppose it has not occurred to you that you may be one of the next batch whose ser-vices are dispensed with," I continued.

"No," he replied, with a strange look—not of pride!—in his eyes. "I've never thought of it—but I guess I'm safe." This with a laugh.

"Yet, if you are too dense to see how your bread is endangered, it seems to me you are a likely man to be 'dropped' . . . Too dense to be an indispensable hustler for the 'Bil-lion.' We Socialists—"

But the man of steel was gone out into the rain.

"Here, shake! What 'll yer drink?"

It was Jones who travels with woollens.

* * * * *

When I went to my room—number thirteen, on the left—I heard the poor fellow in number fifteen repeating with monotonous rage:

"To think he was a Damned Socialist!"

A New Hybrid.

["The Multitude" stands for Imperial So-cialism and the domination of the White Races—vide Advt.]

This hybrid you've imported, Vroocey dear. Kind of strikes a chap as being rather queer—And the crittur aint well suited to his name! To be a slave you'd damn a fellow
All 'cause his skin is black or yellow—
That aint Socialism, Vroocey—it's a shame!

The Perplexed Single Taxer.

The ardent Single Taxer
Wore a worried kind of look,
And his tears of misery
Fell upon the Master's book;*
For no comfort there found he
And his faith's foundations shook.

It all seemed very easy,
Just to tax the landlords out;
He wonder'd how there could be
Of its value the least doubt.
But the Bell 'Phone Company
He would like to do without.

"But the Bell 'Phone Company
Have so very little land,
Small chance to tax them," quoth he:
"And I cannot understand
How the Single Tax could be
Used to achieve the purpose grand.

"We'll use two-inch rods," they'd say,
'If you tax our six-inch poles'—
Tax collecting then wont pay!
And the judges (save their souls!)
Rule there was no legal way
To impose a tax on holes!"

*) Progress and Poverty.

Poor Devil!

Somehow I can't help but believe
If Priests were "cornered" by the Devil,
I should not for a moment grieve,
But have, instead, a grand old revel!

On second thought, I clearly see
That 'twould be wrong indeed to revel:
Instead of being filled with glee,
I should be pitying the Devil! J. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MORNING SONGS IN THE NIGHT. By Walt. R. Ratcliffe, Toronto, \$1.00.

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST FREE SPEECH AND FREE PRESS. By Geo. Pyburn, M. D. Ed-win C. Walker, 244 West 153d Street, New York. Price 6c.

CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO, a novel. By Ernest Crosby. Cloth, \$1.50. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Company.

A POLITICAL PRIMER OF NEW YORK CITY AND STATE. By Adele M. Fielde. Cloth, 75 cents. The League for Political Education.

THE BILLOUSTINE (I. and II.). By Bert Les-ton Taylor. Paper, 25 cents each. Evans-ton, Ill., William S. Lord.

A LITTLE SPASM AT THE HOME OF WOLFGANG MOZART. Paper, 25 cents. Easthampton, Mass., Clifford Richmond, author and pub-lisher.

RAILROADING IN THE UNITED STATES. By Ben-jamin Hanford. Pamphlet, price 5 cents. New York, Socialistic Coöperative Publish-ing Company.

POEMS OF THE NEW TIME. By Miles Men-ander Dawson. Cloth, \$1.00. New York, the Alliance Publishing Company.

THE COMRADE TO OUR READERS.

The article, "How I became a Socialist," by Eugene V. Debs, will, we have no doubt, be read with much interest. It is the first of a series by the best known men and women in the Socialist movement in this country, which, when completed, will form an epoch marking contribution to native Socialist literature. Too long we have depended upon our foreign comrades for our Socialist literature and art, utterly regardless of the boundless possibilities of our own movement. It is the avowed mission and purpose of "The Comrade" to do all that is possible to help forward the work of creating and fostering our own literature and our own art right here in America. To do this we must depend upon the help of our readers to a very large extent. If every subscriber will endeavor, each month, to secure a new reader, then we are confident that it can be done. The question is personal—but are you doing your share?

As befits the occasion, our next issue will be a "May-Day" issue commemorative of Labor's great international festival. Our "Commune" issue was well received and we are confident that our "May-Day" number will not only equal but surpass it. Those who desire extra copies should order them in advance to avoid disappointment.

For succeeding issues we have a wealth of notable contributions awaiting publication. These include a remarkable story by Strindberg, the great Scandinavian writer, and a thrilling article on "How I escaped from Siberia," by Isador Ladoff, author of "The Passing of Capitalism," as well as a number of very fine poems and illustrations by American writers and artists. With our half-year's experience to guide us we hope to avoid most

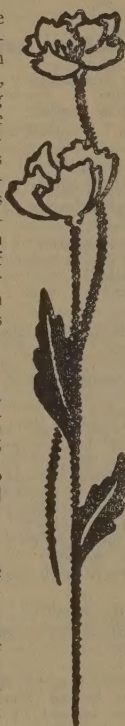
of our earlier shortcomings and to improve upon every issue. But, again we must repeat it, to do this we need your support.

Our first two illustrated leaflets have had an enormous sale and little need be said about them. The third is now ready and orders are being promptly filled. It is entitled, "A Lesson from the Donkeys," and consists of three exceedingly funny pictures by Rata Langa, the great artist, and descriptive prose and verse by the editor. As a thought-awakener "A Lesson from the Donkeys" will be found to be unequalled. We send 50 copies of either kind for 10 cents, or an assorted package of one hundred for 20 cents, postpaid. Now is the time for leaflets, and there are no leaflets so good, so attractive and so cheap as these.

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Orders are coming in for the editor's new pamphlet, "Where We Stand," and it is being everywhere received with praise. Probably no one pamphlet so clearly and fully states the Socialist position. It is, moreover, as interesting as a novel. It is well printed from good type upon good paper. Every "Comrade" reader ought to regard himself or herself as an agent for this pamphlet and push its sale. It will make Socialists!

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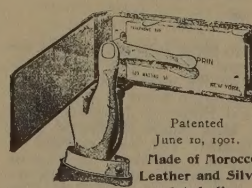
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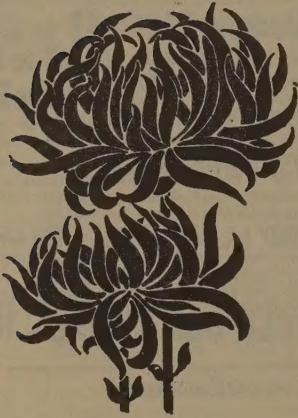
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It is a school merely to read the book, and a college to study it.—The Brooklyn Citizen.